

eDODO FOLKLORE JODIES

The politically correct tell us that we can't sing off-color jodies while we train to kill people. You know how eDodo feels about PC. Send us the lyrics to your favorite jodie.

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We don't really give a shit about what uninformed visitors think about this page, but we would like to offer you a little insight: Many of these jodies originated in the Vietnam era, when 18-year-old men were trying to convince themselves that killing was fun and/or glamorous because they had no choice about going to SW Asia. Many of these jodies were actually satirical songs, protesting the brutality of war.

USAF cadets (and basic trainees) marched to what the Vietnam generation sang to them, and the tradition was passed on for a couple of decades. The kinder, gentler military of the 1990s forbade the singing of these jodies; the mission has not changed, but the dogma has. The feeble-minded object to the members of the military singing about killing, but they don't give a shit when our soldiers are sent into harm's way for political gain. Think about this before you send us hate mail.

For the record, some of these jodies make even the eDodo staff shudder. **Don't scroll down if you can't handle the graphic description of sex and violence**, straight from the minds and mouths of some of the nastiest grunts in the Army. Some of this stuff isn't even clever, and will probably be mirrored on www.ignorantfuck.com one of these days.

Class Chants are at the bottom of this page.

Mary Ann Burns

You must include the Class of 1961 unofficial class song: Mary Ann Burns. We adopted a naked picture of a lady named Mary Ann Burns as the mascot for the Cadet Club in 1960-61. The Cadet Club was an unofficial offbase bar that we maintained in the basement of the old Antlers Hotel. Here are the words:

Mary Ann Burns is the Queen of all the acrobats.
She can do flips that would give a cat the shits.
She can roll green peas down her fundamental orifice
and do a double flip and catch them on her tits.
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, roll a barrel, drive a truck.
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me!

The Spanish Flyer, Class of 1961
Founder and First President of the Cadet Club.

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

Around her hair she wore a yellow ribbon
 She wore it in the Springtime and in the month of May (Hey-Hey)
 And if you asked her why the hell she wore it
 She wore it for her basic who was far far away

Chorus: Far away (echo) far away
 repeat
 She wore it for her basic who was far far away

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage
 She pushed it in the Springtime and in the month of May
 And if you asked her why the hell she pushed it
 She pushed it for her basic who was far far away

Repeat chorus

Behind the door her father kept a shotgun
 He kept it in the Springtime and in the month of May
 And if you asked him why the hell he kept it
 He kept it for her basic who was far far away

Repeat chorus

The Jewish Navy Song

The 'Jewish Navy' chant was sung infrequently during the late '70's at the zoo. Here's as much as I remember of it for posterity:

Oh, all you boys with the hair that's wavy,
 Come join the Jewish Navy,
 FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT for Palestine.

All you boys with the crooked noses,
 Come join the ranks of Moses,
 FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT for Palestine.

Joseph, Jacob, Solomon, Sam,
 we're the boys that eat no ham,
 squeeze those pennies,
 pinch 'em tight,
 Synagogue, synagogue, FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT.
 FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT for Palestine.

Old King Cole

'Ol King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he
 He called for his wife, and he called for his pipe, and he called for his
 _____ (fill in blank each new verse with
 basics/firsties/captains/colonels/etc.) three

beer, beer, beer said the basics
 and a merry old soul was he

repeat first verse substituting firsties for basics

I want a weekend pass said the firsties
beer, beer, beer said the basics
and a merry old soul was he

repeat first verse substituting captain for firsties, majors for captains,
etc. etc.

I want my own intern said the General
How do I get my star Said the Colonel
Who's gonna drive my jeep said the major
Who's gonna shine my shoes said the captain
What do we do now said the lieutenants
I want a weekend pass said the firsties
beer, beer, beer said the basics
Your left, right, left said the sergeants
and a merry old soul was he

Napalm Sticks to Kids

We shoot the young the sick and lame
We do our best to kill and maim Because all the kills all count the same
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Flyin' low across the trees
Pilots doin' what they please
Droppin' frags on refugees
Napalm Sticks to Kids

It made us feel so good inside
When the strong men wept and the women cried
But what we really liked is the children fried
Napalm Sticks to Kids

See that family over there
Watch me get'm with a pair
Blood and guts just everywhere
Napalm Sticks to Kids

CIA with guns for hire
Montaignards around the fire
Napalm makes that fire higher
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Baby suckin' on a mother's tit
Gook down in a fifty pit
Dow Chemical doesn't give a shit
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Attack some kids when you go downtown
By throwin' some candy on the ground
Then grease 'm when they gather 'round
Napalm Sticks to Kids

A squad of Cong in the grass
But all the fightin's long since passed
Crispy Critters in a mass
Napalm Sticks to Kids

LOH's out to have a blast
Drop some peon kids enmasse
Send the remains to the Chief of Staff
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Oxcarts rollin' down the road
Peasants with a heavy load
They're all VC when the bombs explode
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Shootin' women's lotsa fun
Try killin' one that's pregnant, son
You'll get two for the price of one
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Flyin' low and feelin' mean
See that family by the stream
Drop some napalm and hear 'm scream
Napalm Sticks to Kids

See that gook down on his knees
Lost some fleshets in the breeze
Find his arms nailed to the trees
Napalm Sticks to Kids

NVA are all hardcore
Watch us nail 'm to the jungle floor
Throw our psyops out th' door
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Eighteen kids in a no fire zone
Books under arms and goin' home
Last in line goes home alone
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Chuck's in a sampan sittin' in th' stern
Thinks his boat'll never burn
Them fuckin' gooks'll never learn
Napalm Sticks to Kids

See th' little kids jump and shout
Dropped some napalm without a doubt

Watch 'm try and put it out
Napalm Sticks to Kids

I've been around the things I've seen
Some people who are mighty mean
Th' gooks ya kill, they make ya clean
Napalm Sticks to Kids

I've only seen it happen twice
But both times it was pretty nice
Shootin' peasants plantin' rice
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Napalm son is lots of fun
When dropped from a bomb or shot from a gun
It gets the gooks when they're on the run
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Some people say it's not so neat
To see gooks burnin' in th' street
But burnin' flesh smells mighty sweet
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Gooks in the open, makin' hay
But I can hear them gunships say
They'll be no ChuHois today
Napalm Sticks to Kids

Shoot civilians where they sit
Take some pictures as you split
All your life you'll remember it
Napalm Sticks to Kids

They'se great shape for the shape they'se in
But they'se no way that they can win
With napalm rollin' down their skin
Napalm Sticks to Kids

The Engineer Song

Chorus:

1) An engineer told me before he died,
A rump titty rump titty rump titty rump
An engineer told me before he died
And I have no reason to believe he lied
A rump titty rump titty rump titty mmp
A rump titty rump titty rump titty rump

2) He had a wife with a cunt so wide
that she could not be satisfied.

Chorus

3) So he built a bloody great wheel
with two brass balls and a prick of steel.

Chorus

4) The whole bloody thing was run by steam
the two brass balls he filled with cream.

Chorus

5) He laid his wife upon the bed
and tied her feet behind her head.

Chorus

6) He put the machine in the position to f _ _ _
and wished his wife the best of luck.

Chorus

7) Round and round with the bloody great wheel
and in and out with the prick of steel.

Chorus

8) Up and up with the level of steam
and down and down went the level of cream.

Chorus

9) Until at last his wife she cried,
"Enough, enough I 'm satisfied."

Chorus

10) Now we come to the tragic bit
there was no way of stopping it.

Chorus

11) It split his wife from ass to tit,
the whole, whole bloody place was covered with shit.

Chorus

12) Now we come to the part that is grim,
"It" jumped off her and on to him!

Chorus

13) Nine months later a child was born
with two brass balls and a big metal horn.

Chorus

Gumby's Gay

(To the tune of "Poison Ivy")

Gumby is a green man
 And Pokey is his friend
 Well there are no female Gumbys
 So Pokey gets it in the end

*Gumby's gay-ay-ay-ay,
 Gumby's gay-ay-ay-ay,
 Late at night when you're sleeping
 There's a green man creeping all aro-ou-ou-nd
 Creeping all around*

Well Gumby's into leather
 And Pokey's into chains
 Well Gumby likes the pleasure
 And Pokey likes the pain.

Gumby is a giver
 And Pokie receives
 Gumby sticks it in his ass
 And Pokie starts to bleed

Gumby likes the lights on
 And Pokie likes them off
 Gumby shoots it in his mouth
 And Pokie starts to cough

Tiny Bubbles

Tiny Bubbles
 In my beer
 Makes me happy
 Makes me wanna cheer

Tiny Bubbles
 In my wine
 Makes me happy
 Makes me feel fine

Tiny Bubbles
 In my champagne
 Makes me happy
 Makes me feel no pain

[Continue as above, inserting your favorite alcoholic beverage in line 1 and a rhyming activity or method of

celebration in line 4. Invariably, someone will eventually sing "In my Cold Duck."]

I've Got a Horse

I've got a horse, name is Mick
'Cause he's got a great big mane

. . . and so on. Somebody send us the rest.

My Girl

My girl's a vegetable
She lives in a hospital
And I would do anything [I'd do almost anything]
To keep her alive [around] [in style]

She's got no arms or legs
That's why we call her Peg
And I would do anything
To keep her alive

She's got a pair of hips
Just like two battleships
And I would do anything
To keep her alive

My girl's got her own TV
They call it an EKG
And I would do anything
To keep her alive

My girl's got legs so great
Tomorrow they amputate
And I would do anything
To keep her alive

My girl's got eyes so blue
It's too too bad she ain't got two
And I would do anything
To keep her alive

My girl ain't got no eyes
Just two holes, eaten out by flies
And I would do anything
To keep her alive

My girl's got buns of steel
It's too bad that they ain't real
And I would do anything
To keep her alive

My girl ain't got no hair
 Just a few scabs here and there
 And I would do anything
 To keep her alive

My girl's lost her nose
 She's got a rubber hose
 And I would do anything
 To keep her alive

We like to play a joke
 Pull the plug and watch her choke
 And I would do anything
 To keep her alive

My girl, she's got a will
 And I will get a hundred mil
 And I would do anything
 To see that she dies!

I was just reading the Jodies section and wanted to submit a suggestion.
 In 'My Girlfriend's a Vegetable' you have the line:
 My girlfriend's got her own TV,
 It is called an EKG...
 but that is just the set-up for the next verse:
 Sometimes I like to play a joke,
 I pull the plug and watch her choke...

Irene

Irene, Irene, she's one of the best
 And every night I give her the test
 I've seen her naked, I've seen her bare
 I've felt her over everywhere

And then one night as I walked in
 There she sat all sleek and slim
 I warmed her up as quick as I could
 And when I got in I knew she was good

I rolled her over on her side
 And even on her back I tried
 I rolled her over on her back
 And changed my angle of attack

Irene, Irene she's the best in the land
 She's an F-16 in the fighter command

There is more to this jodie . . .

Corrected version of Irene (I believe this is the complete version)

Irene, Irene, she's one of the best
and every night I give her the test
The moon was dark the lights were dim,
and there she stood so sleek and slim.
I've seen her stripped, I've seen her bare,
I've felt her over everywhere.

I fired her up as soon as I could,
and when I got in her I knew she was good.
In and out and in between,
She was fast, but I was keen.
I rolled her over on her side,
And even on her back I tried.
I rolled her over on her back
and changed my angle of attack.

Irene, Irene she's the best in the land
She's an F-16 in the fighter command.

Sound off...

Got Drunk Last Night

Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer, beer, beer, beer

Got drunk last night
Drunk the night before,
Gonna get drunk tonight
Like I've never been drunk before.
'Cause when I'm drunk
I'm as happy as can be
'Cause we're all part
Of the dink family
Oh the dink familiy is the best family
That ever came over from ol' Germany.
You got your highland dinks,
And your lowland dinks,
Your Amsterdam dinks
And the other dam dinks, singing:

Glorious! Victorious!
Hey!
One keg of beer for the four of us
Singing glory be to God that there are no more of us
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone
(Damn near, pass the beer, to the rear, of the squadron!)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Army (in the Army)
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Army (in the Army)
They're all a bunch of queers
Sanitation engineers

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Army (in the Army)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Navy (in the Navy)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Navy (in the Navy)

'Cause they're all on ships and boats

Making love to sheep and goats

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Navy (in the Navy)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Marine Corps (in the Marine Corps)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Marine Corps (in the Marine Corps)

'Cause they're all on foreign shores

Making mothers out of whores

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Marine Corps (in the Marine Corps)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Coast Guard (in the Coast Guard)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Coast Guard (in the Coast Guard)

'Cause they're all a bunch of fags

Smokin' marijuana bags

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Coast Guard (in the Coast Guard)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Civil Air Patrol (in the Civil Air Patrol)

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Civil Air Patrol (in the Civil Air Patrol)

'Cause they're all a bunch of teens

Whackin' off to magazines

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Civil Air Patrol (in the Civil Air Patrol)

Oh there are no fighter pilots at Annapolis

Oh there are no fighter pilots at Annapolis

'Cause they're all a bunch of fruits

Wearin' ice cream vendor suits

Oh there are no fighter pilots at Annapolis

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Peace Corps

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Peace Corps

'Cause they're off in foreign lands

Singin' songs and holdin' hands

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Peace Corps

You can tell a navigator by his ass

You can tell a navigator by his ass

'Cause it's 40 inches wide

Gettin' wider every ride

You can tell a navigator by his ass

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Air Force (in the Air Force)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Air Force (in the Air Force)

Due to recent budget cuts we're all sitting on our butts

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the Air Force (in the Air Force)

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Guard

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Guard

Cause they never go to war

Just bend over for the Corps
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Guard

Oh there are no fighter pilots in (insert CS-XX)
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in (insert CS-XX)
 Cause they're honor violaters
 And compulsive masterbaters
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in (insert CS-XX)

Lulu

La la lulu
la la lei
Louies gonnna lala when Lulu goes away
[Alternate version:]
[Bang bang lulu]
[Lulu bangs all day]
[Who will bang on lulu]
[When boyfriend goes away]

Lulu went to a baseball game
 The batter hit a bunt
 Lulu went to catch the ball
 And the ball went up her skirt

[Chorus]

Lulu had a boyfriend
 Her boyfriend had a truck
 Lulu liked to shift the gears
 And her boyfriend liked to steer

[Chorus]

Lulu had a chicken
 Her boyfriend had a duck
 They put them on the table to see if they would dance

Her boyfriend had an accident
 She thought he was dead
 She got down on her knees
 And gave him CPR

[Chorus]

Lulu had a boyfriend
 Her boyfriend's name was Rick
 She pulled down his new pants
 So she could see his tattoo

Columbo

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
 A sailor from Bordilli
 Was walking down the streets of Spain
 Selling hot tamales [A-yankin' his tamale]
 He said the world was round-o
 He said it could be found-o
 That hypothetical, calculating [fornicating, masturbating] son of a bitch [gun]
 Columbo

He walked right up to the Queen of Spain
 Asking for ships and cargo
 He said, "I'll be a son of a gun if I don't bring back Chicago" [or "Key Largo"]
 He said the world was round-o
 He said it could be found-o
 That hypothetical, calculating son of a bitch
 Columbo

Said Isabelle to Ferdinand
 His plan sounds mighty hazy
 Said Ferdinand to Isabelle
 I think the fucker's crazy
 He said the world was round-o
 He said it could be found-o
 That hypothetical, calculating son of a bitch
 Columbo

The queen she gave him 3 broad ships
 They all were triple deckers
 The Queen she waved her handkerchief
 Columbo waved his pecker [or "whatever"]
 He said the world was round-o
 He said it could be found-o
 That hypothetical, calculating son of a bitch
 Columbo

For forty days and forty nights
 They sailed the broad Atlantic
 If it wasn't for the sheep on board
 The crew, they would have panicked
 He said the world was round-o
 He said it could be found-o
 That hypothetical, calculating son of a bitch
 Columbo

The first mate, the first mate
 My he was a big'un
 He wrapped it twice around the mast
 And used the rest for riggin'

The second mate, the second mate

Loved him like a brother
Took him down below the deck
And cornholed one another

The cabin boy, the cabin boy
My he was a nipper
Lined his ass with shards of glass
And circumcised the skipper

Yogi

I know a big brown bear (Yogi, Yogi)
I know a big brown bear (Yogi, Yogi bear)
(Yogi, Yogi bear, Yogi, Yogi bear, I know a big brown bear, Yogi Yogi bear)

Yogi has a best friend (Booboo, Booboo)
Yogi has a best friend (Booboo, Booboo bear)
(Booboo Booboo bear, Booboo Booboo bear, Yogi has a best friend, Booboo Booboo bear)

Yogi has a girlfriend (Cindy, Cindy)
Yogi has a girlfriend (Cindy, Cindy bear)
(Cindy, Cindy bear, Cindy, Cindy bear, Yogi has a girlfriend, Cindy, Cindy bear)

Ranger Rick is gay (lucky Booboo)
Ranger Rick is gay (lucky Booboo bear)
(lucky Booboo bear, lucky Booboo bear, Ranger Rick is gay, lucky Booboo bear)

Yogi has a 12-inch cock (lucky Cindy)
Yogi has a 12-inch cock (lucky Cindy bear)
(lucky Cindy bear, lucky Cindy bear, Yogi has 12-inch cock, lucky Cindy bear)

Booboo comes to Yogi's knees (lucky lucky)
Booboo comes to Yogi's knees (lucky lucky bear)
(Lucky lucky bear, lucky lucky bear)

Booboo's only three feet tall (lucky Yogi)
Booboo's only three feet tall (lucky Yogi bear) . . .

Cindy likes the whips and chains (kinky kinky)
Cindy likes the whips and chains (kinky kinky bear) . . .

Ranger Smith likes little boys (pervert pervert)
Ranger Smith likes little boys (Pervert Ranger Smith) . . .

Yo-yo

Colonel's got a yo-yo, so he can do his thing, grab himself a Major, and put him on a string!
Whew I got a yo-yo! Whew I got a yo-yo!

Major's got a yo-yo, so he can do his thing, grab himself a Capt. and put him on a string!

Whew I got a yo-yo! Whew I got a yo-yo.

Keep going down the ranks...

Sniper's Wonderland

(To the tune of "Winter Wonderland")

In the field, there's a lady
 In her arms, there's a baby
 Lock and load one round
 The baby hits the ground
 Walking in a Sniper's Wonderland

Through my scope, I see her crying
 Another round, And brains are flying
 It's a one-shot kill From atop of the hill
 Walking in a Sniper's Wonderland

Dead Puppies

Dead puppies aren't much fun
 They don't come when you call
 They don't play with red rubber balls
 They just lie there in the hall

My puppy used to play
 Now he just lies in the yard all day
 Puppys' dead, puppy's gone
 Puppy's out rotting on the lawn
or

My puppy used to play
 But he hasn't moved in days
 Mom says puppy's days are through
 She will put him in the stew

Dead kittys aren't much better
 They just lie in the kitty litter
 Kitty's dead, kitty's through
 Gonna put kitty in the stew
or

Dead kitties aren't much better
 They just lie in the kitty litter
 Their fur gets soft and sticky
 Mom says kitty's going in the hibachi

My puppy used to run
 Till I shot him with my gun
 6-round load in a 12-gauge pump

Gotta throw puppy in the dump

Dead gerbils' fur congeals
They just lie in their spinning wheels
Skin so pink and eyes so white
Gerbils go down in just one bite

Dead hamsters are the worst
When you bite them, they just burst
Blood will trickle down your chin
You won't eat dead hamsters again

Cap'n Jack

Hey, hey Cap'n Jack
Meet me down by the railroad tracks
With your rifle in your ha-and
I'm gonna be a killin' man

A killin' man!

Hey, hey Cap'n Jack
Meet me down by the railroad tracks
With your bottle in your ha-and
I'm gonna be a drinkin' man

A killin' man!
A drinkin' man!

Hey, hey Cap'n Jack
Meet me down by the railroad tracks
With your woman in your ha-and
I'm gonna be a lovin' man

A killin' man!
A drinkin' man!
A lovin' man!
etc...

Pink Beret

See the man in the black beret
Killin's how he makes his pay
That is what i like to see
One-o-first infantry

See the man in the green beret
Killin's how he makes his pay
That is what i like to see
Special forces infantry

See the man in the red beret
 Jumpin's how he earns his pay
 That is what I like to see
 Airborne infantry

See that man in the blue beret
 Training's how he earns his pay
 That is what I want to be
 Air Force Academy

See the man in the pink beret
 Watch your butt for he is gay
 That is what i hate to see
 San-fransisco rear-entry [San Francisco infantry]

Runnin' Through the Jungle

[This is a double-time jodie]

Runnin' through the jungle in the middle of the day
 Mean Old alligator got in my way
 I said, "Alligator, aligator, you better move,
 Before I make a pair of Jump Boots out of you"
 Good strong Alligator hide
 Makes a pair of Jump Boots just the right size now

Runnin' through the Desert in the middle of the day
 Mean Old Snappin' turtle got in my way
 I said, "Snappin' turtle, Snappin' turtle, you better move
 Before I make a Jump helmet out of you"
 Good strong Snappin' turtle shell
 Makes a Jump helmet just the right size now

Runnin' through the Arctic in the middle of the day
 Mean Old Polar Bear got in my way
 I said, "Polar Bear, polar bear, you better move,
 Before I make a pair of muck lucks out of you"
 Good strong Polar bear hide
 Makes a pair of muck lucks just the right size now

Runnin' through the city in the middle of the day
 Little Old ROTC guy got in my way
 I said, "ROTC guy, ROTC guy, you better move,
 Before I make a prophylactic out of you
 Good strong ROTC guy hide
 Makes a prophylactic just the right size now

Runnin' on the terrazo in the middle of the day
 Weak Dick [Smack's color] hat got in my way
 I said, "Red hat, Red hat, you better move,
 Before I make a prophylactic out of you"

Bad, weak Red hat hide
Makes a prophylactic just a little too small now

Killer Man

[This is a double-time jodie]

I'm not the killer
I'm the killer man's son
But I'll do the killin'
Until the killer man comes
[I'm not the reaper]
[I'm the grim reaper's son]
[But I'll do the killin']
[Till the grim reaper comes]

With a left right left right left right KILL!
And a left right left right left right I think I will!

Went to the pool
Where all the people swim
Plugged in a toaster
And threw the fucker in

[Chorus]

Went to the mall
Where all the ladies shop
Took out an ax
And I began to chop

[Chorus]

Went to the school
Where all the kiddies learn
Called in some napalm
And watched the bastards burn

[Chorus]

Went to the playground
Where all the kiddies play
Took out a shotgun
And I began to slay

Burn the Town

Burn the town and rape the women
Spray your napalm on the square
Do it on a Sunday morning

Get 'em on the way to prayer

Pass out candy to the children
Watch 'em all gather round
Put a belt into your '60
Mow the little bastards down!

Aim your HE [High Explosive shells] at a convent
Lay it on the cross on top
Watch the nuns run through the courtyard
Watch their bodies turn to slop!

Aim your Nike [It was a missile before it was a sneaker] at a rest home
Then go pull the fire alarm
Watch the wheelchairs start a 'rollin
Watch the sickies buy the farm!

Mother and child in a pit
Baby suckin' on mama's tit
Dow Chemical don't give a shit! [Historical note: This Jodie was sung by Louis Gossett Jr.'s character in "Officer and a Gentleman", except that they substituted "chemical burns" for "Dow Chemical" in the movie.]
Napalm sticks to kids!

Peasants in the noonday sun
Phantoms on a strafing run
Coppertone won't help 'em none
'Cause napalm sticks to kids!

Tourists

Tourists, tourists on the wall
Don't get too close or you might fall
If I had a low I.Q.
I could be a tourist too!

Jackhammer

I'm a jackhammer baby
And I'm hammerin' down the line
And if you don't get out of my way now
I'm gonna jack all over you

I'm a steamroller baby
And I'm steaming on down the line
And if you don't get out of my way now
I'm gonna roll all over you

I'm a kumquat baby
And i'm quat-in on down the line
And if you don't get out of my way now

I'm gonna kum all over you

I'm a dumptruck//dump all over you
Nutcracker//nut all over you
[You get the drift]

Isn't It?

Oh isn't it fun
A loaded shotgun
Blowing a man in half
Doing it while you laugh
And dragging his bodybag home...

Oh isn't it keen
My new m-16
Walking into a town
Hosing the kiddies down
And dragging their bodybags home...

Oh isn't it fine
A shiny landmine
Leaving two bloody stumps
Where a whole man was once
And dragging his bodybag home...

Oh isn't it grand
A kbar in hand
Stabbing him in the heart
Ripping his chest apart
And dragging his bodybag home...

oh isn't it [contributor forgot]
Burning the kids alive
Watching them twist and fry
And draggin their bodybags home...

Oh isn't it guile
A guided missile
Hydrogen atomized
Everyone's vaporized
And leaving me here all alone

UGLY

UGLY CADENCE!!! (aaahhhh!)

U! [flight says] / for you mother [leaders says]
G!/for your sister too
L!/They are ugly

Y!/and they look you
 U!/hit it
 G!/hit it
 L!/hit it
 Y!/hit it
 U! G! L! Y! You aint got no alibi, you're ugly, you're ugly, you're mama says your ugly
 Y! L! G! U! You are ugly backwards too, you're ugly, you're ugly
 M! A! M! A! I know how you got that way, your mama, your mama
 D! A! DD! Y! You don't even know that guy, your daddy, your daddy

Baby Seal

Way up north where the air is cold
 People up there ain't got no gold
 The only way to earn a living is killin the baby seals
 Roast em toast em rototill em kick em in the head until they squeal
 That's the way we earn our living
 By killin the baby seals
 One day while out on the tundra
 Saw a baby lyin there
 Walked right up and kicked its head in
 Left the body and took the fur

Balls to your Partner

Never cared much for this, but Class of '78 sang it until my head nearly exploded at the recollection. It wasn't in the archive. Found it in some old stuff and was amazed somebody actually wrote it down. (e-mail, 3-29-99)

Balls to your partner
Ass against the wall
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night
You've never been laid at all

Up got an aged veteran who fought many wars
 He jumped upon the table and cried aloud for whores
Chorus

There was fuckin' in the haystacks, there was fuckin' in the ricks
 You couldn't hear the music for the swashing o' the pricks
Chorus

(Fill in a name) was there, she kept them all in fits
 By jumping off the mantelpiece and landing on her tits
Chorus

The village Bobby he was there, he'd on his fancy socks
 H e fucked a lassie forty times then found she had the pox
Chorus

The minister's wife, oh she was there, she was the best of all
 She stuck her ass against the door and said come one, come all
Chorus

The Prostie's daughter she was there, all draped up in the front
 With poison ivy up her ass and a thistle up her cunt
Chorus

The butcher's wife, oh she was there, she wasna' weel
 For she had to go and piddle after every little feel
Chorus

The village parson, he was there among the virgin women
 He took pure Nellie on his knee and filled her full of semen
Chorus

The village looney, he was there, he was an awful ass
 He went into the granary, and stuffed his ass with grass
Chorus

The village idiot he was there a-makin' like a fool
 By pulling his foreskin over his head and whistlin' through his tool
Chorus

The plumber and his mate were there, they had it in their rules
 When comin' to attend the bar not to forget their tools
Chorus

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness
 And when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less
Chorus

First lady forward, second lady back
 First lady's finger up the second lady's crack
Chorus

Little Willie, he was there, he was only eight
 He could not luck the women, so he had to masturbate
Chorus

The teacher from the school was there, she didn't bring her stick
 She wasn't much to look at, but she could surely take a prick
Chorus

The village blacksmith he was there, h~ was a mighty man
 He had two balls between his legs that rattled as he ran
Chorus

The village postman, he was there-he had a dose of pox
 He couldn't get a woman so he fucked the letter box
Chorus

The village cripple, he was there; he wasn't up too much

He stood the girls against th~ door and fucked 'em with Ms. crutch

Chorus

Round about the washing house and in among the sticks
You couldn't see a blade of grass for bails and standing pricks

Chorus

Oh the village butcher he was there, cleaver in his hand
And everytime he turned around, he circumsized the band

Chorus

Oh the village harlot she was there, lying on the floor
And everytime she'd spread her legs, the suction closed the door

Chorus

Oh the rugger he was there, he thought himself a stud
They found him in the barnyard, a pulling on his pud

Chorus

Oh the village giant he was there, a mighty man was he
He lined the girls against the wall and fucked 'em 3 by 3

Chorus

Oh the village idiot, he was there, doing this and that
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat

Chorus

Oh the village idiot he was there, up to his favorite tricks
Bouncing on his testicles, and whistling through his prick

Chorus

The bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum, was the entrance to the womb

Chorus

The queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey
The king was in the chambermaid and she was in the money

Chorus

There was buggery in the hallway, buggery on the stairs
You couldn't see the dance floor, for the mass of pubic hairs

Chorus

The village vicker was there, dressed up in his shroud
A swinging from the chandelier, and pisssing in the crowd

Chorus

And when the ball was over, the girls did all suggest
They sure enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best

Chorus

Lady in Red

See the lady in red?
 Makes a livin' in a bed.
 See the lady in red.
 Makes a livin' in a bed.
 She's a mattress tester,
 And she does it very well.

See the lady in white?
 Makes a livin' in the night.
 See the lady in white.
 Makes a livin' in the night.
 She's a registered nurse,
 And she does it very well.

See the lady in black?
 Makes a livin' on her back.
 See the lady in black.
 Makes a livin' on her back.
 She's an auto mechanic,
 And she does it very well.

See the lady in lace?
 Makes a livin' in your face.
 See the lady in lace.
 Makes a livin' in your face.
 She's an oral hygeinist,
 And she does it very well.

See the lady in blue?
 Makes a livin' over you.
 See the lady in blue.
 Makes a livin' over you.
 She's an AF colonel,
 And she does it very well.

Mary Had a Little Lamb

This was frequently sung on the way to meals by CS-15 in about 1967 -- often within earshot (we hoped) of tourists. ('70)

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb
 Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow.

It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day,
 It followed her to school one day, and a big black dog fucked it!

A Little Bird

This one is a conglomeration of a few posts on the RM. Correct us if we're wrong here.

A little bird
 With a yellow bill
 He landed on
 My window sill
 I lured him in
 With crumbs of bread
 And then I crushed his (all stomp feet)
 Little head

A bigger bird
 With a bigger bill
 He landed on
 My window sill
 I lured him in
 With crumbs of bread
 And then I crushed his (all stomp feet)
 Bigger head

A great big bird
 With a great big bill
 He landed on
 My window sill
 I lured him in
 With crumbs of bread
 And then I crushed his (all stomp feet)
 Great big head

The moral of
 The story is clear
 You want some head
 You need some bread

Now, a verse about a dog . . .

A little dog
 W with big brown eyes
 I heard his whimpers
 I heard his cries
 I lured him in
 With chunks of meat
 A and then I crushed his (stomp)
 Little feet

By the Light of a Flickering Match

By the light
 of a flickering match
 I saw her snatch
 In the watermelon patch

By the light
of that flickering beam
I heard her scream
YOU BURNED MY SNATCH WITH YOUR GODDAMN MATCH

The Prettiest Girl

The prettiest girl
I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon
Through a straw

I walked right up
I sat right down
I ordered up
Another round

I put my hand
Upon her toe
She said cadet
You're much too low

I put my hand
Upon her thigh
She said cadet
You're much too high

I put my hand
Upon her knee
She said cadet
Yhat's right for me

I put my hand
Upon her buns
She said cadet
Lets have some fun

I put my hand
Upon her breast
She said cadet
Lets do the rest

I put my hand
Upon her spot
She said cadet
You're making me hot

I put it in
I pulled it out
She then began
To scream and shout

Her long blonde hair
 Fell on the floor
 She said cadet
 Lets do it some more

(There are a few more verses here in which she gets fat and ugly and has a bunch of kids)

The moral of
 The story is clear
 Instead of bourbon
 Stick to BEER

I Fucked a Dead Whore By the Roadside

(By far, the most disgusting jodie we've received to date. Sick, nasty shit.)

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside
 I knew in a minute she was dead
 The skin was all gone from her tummy
 The hair was all gone from her head.

And when I knelt down beside her
 I knew that minute I had sinned
 So I put my sweet lips to her pussy
 And sucked out the wad I shot in!

Sucked out, sucked out, sucked out the wad I shot in, shot in
 Sucked out, sucked out, sucked out the wad I shot in, shot in.

Taboo

Class of '80...heard this one during 2nd beast
 Sung to the tune of "when johnny comes marching home"

The german officers crossed the Rhine, taboo, taboo
 The german officers crossed the rhine, taboo, taboo
 The german officers crossed the rhine
 They ate the women and drank the wine
 And it's all heil, sieg heil
 Tickle my ass, taboo

Here's the rest of the Taboo Jodie:

Three German soldiers crossed the Rhine, taboo, taboo.
 Three German soldiers crossed the Rhine, taboo, taboo.
 Three German soldiers crossed the Rhine.
 They fucked the women and drank the wine.
 And it's all heil, sieg heil Tickle my ass, taboo.

They came upon a wayside inn, taboo, taboo.
 They came upon a wayside inn, taboo, taboo.

They came upon a wayside inn
 And kicked the fucking door right in.
 And it's all heil, sieg heil Tickle my ass, taboo.

The innkeeper had a daughter fair, taboo, taboo.
 The innkeeper had a daughter fair, taboo, taboo.
 The innkeeper had a daughter fair
 With two big tits and long blonde hair.
 And it's all heil, sieg heil Tickle my ass, taboo.

They tied her to a feather bed, taboo, taboo.
 They tied her to a feather bed, taboo, taboo.
 They tied her to a feather bed
 And fucked till she was almost dead
 And it's all heil, sieg heil Tickle my ass, taboo.

The innkeeper had a rifle long, taboo, taboo.
 The innkeeper had a rifle long, taboo, taboo.
 The innkeeper had a rifle long
 And shot off their balls one by one
 And it's all heil, sieg heil Tickle my ass, taboo.

The German soldiers went to hell, taboo, taboo.
 The German soldiers went to hell, taboo, taboo.
 The German soldiers went to hell
 They fucked the Devil and his wife as well
 And it's all heil, sieg heil Tickle my ass, taboo.

The moral of the story is, taboo, taboo.
 The moral of the story is, taboo, taboo.
 The moral of the story is
 Don't fuck on a feather bed
 And it's all heil, sieg heil Tickle my ass, taboo

Blood on the Risers

(Tune of "Battle Hymn Of The Republic")

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die
He ain't gonna jump no more

He was just a rookie and he surely shook with fright
 He checked all his equipment, made sure his pack was tight
 He had to sit and listen to those awful engines roar
 And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

Is everybody happy" cried the sergeant looking up
 Our hero feebly answered "yes" and then they stood him up
 He jumped right out into the blast his static line unhooked
 And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

He counted long, he counted loud he waited for the shock
 He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop
 He pulled the cord, the silk spilled out and wrapped around his legs
 And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

The risers swung around his neck, connectors cracked his dome
 Suspension lines were tied in knots around his skinny bones
 The canopy became his shroud; he hurtled to the ground
 And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

The days he'd lived, loved and laughed kept running through his mind
 He thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left behind
 He thought about about the medics and wondered what they'd find
 And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

The ambulance was on the spot the jeeps were running wild
 The medics jumped and shouted and scream with glee rolled up their sleeves and smiled
 For it had been a week or more since last a chute had failed
 And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

He hit the ground the sound was "splatt," blood went spurting high
 His comrades was heard to say a "helluva way to die!"
 He lay there rolling in the welter of his gore
 And he ain't gonna jump no more

Chorus

There was blood on the risers, there was brains upon the chute
 His intestines were a' dangling from his Paratrooper suit
 He was a mess; they picked him up and poured him from his boots
 And he ain't gonna jump no more

*Chorus***... another version**

Here's the historically accurate version of "Blood on the Risers," as verified by Ft. Benning, home of the Airborne and incidentally a really crappy place.

First jumper on the wingstrut called the spotter as he looked
 Our hero now was fearless for he'd read Russ Gunby's book
 He jumped right out into the blast, his static line unhooked
 He ain't going to jump no more

Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
He ain't going to jump no more

He counted long, he counted loud, six thousand was his goal
 He tumbled out of stable and began a forward roll
 He spun out flat, began to dive and went out of control
 He ain't gonna jump no more
Chorus

The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his dome
 The lines were snarled and tied in knots around his skinny bones
 The canopy became his shroud, he hurtled to the ground
 He ain't gonna jump no more
Chorus

He pulled the handle on his reserve and threw it far away
 He tried to grab the skirt, but all his thumbs got in the way
 He threw it out all full of holes and then began to pray
 He ain't gonna jump no more
Chorus

The days he'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind
 He thought about the girl below, the one he'd left behind
 He thought about the medico's and wondered what they'd find
 He ain't gonna jump no more
Chorus

The ambulance was on the spot, its mighty siren wailed
 The medics rolled their sleeves and smiled as through the air he sailed
 For it had been a week or more since last a chute had failed
 He ain't gonna jump no more
Chorus

The drop zone coming fast, a hundred miles or more
 "I get his helmet and his boots," he heard a buddy roar
 He bounced around the runway in the welter of his gore
 He ain't gonna jump no more
Chorus

His pelvis crashed into his chest, his ribs poked through his side
 His helmet bounced a hundred feet, his head was still inside
 The ground crew stood there laughing as he rolled around and died
 He ain't gonna jump no more
Chorus

There was blood upon the risers, there was brains upon the chute
 Intestines were a danglin' from his brand new Telsan boots
 They picked him up still in his shroud and poured him from his boots
 He ain't gonna jump no more
Chorus

I left my wife . . .

LEFT, LEFT, I left my wife with forty-eight children in starving condition without ammunition I thought it was RIGHT, RIGHT, right in the middle of whopdie do (at this point everyone skips a step and ends up on left) LEFT, LEFT, I left my wife....

[When this jodie is called, those who don't know about skipping a step on the "whopdie do" part are screwed, and end up out of step.]

Yukon Pete

Now grab your glass and get your seat
And I'll tell you about Big Ass Lil and Yukon Pete
Now Lil was the villiage Queen
The fuckin'est whore you've ever seen

While some girls fuck with grace and ease
Lil blew dick like the summer breeze
But when she fucked, she fucked for keeps
She piled her victims up in heaps

There was a rumor 'round that town
That no man could put Lil's ass down
But way up north, where twin rivers meet
Lived a one-balled half-breed named Yukon Pete!

Pete was a dirty, motherless soul
Who fucked bear, sheep, and woodchuck hole
He caught a whiff of Big Ass Lil
And packed his rubbers and came down the hill

He strode into town on size 32 feet
Draggin' 16 yards of that red-hot meat
Well, the scene was set at windy mill
By the brick shithouse high on the hill

All the ladies came for a ringside seat
Just to watch that half-breed sink his meat
Well, they fucked, and they fucked, and they fucked for hours
Uprooting trees, shrubs, and flowers

Lil did front flips, back flips, stunts
All unknown to most common cunts
But Pete caught on to every trick
And kept on pumpin' in more dick

Then Lil gave Pete a Whorehouse Squeeze
That dropped that Half-Breed to his knees
But Pete came back, with a Yukon Grunt
That popped out her eyes and split her cunt!

Well, Lil rolled over, cut two farts and sighed
 "Boys, I been Fucked", cut one more and died
 When they asked that Half-Breed of his amazing feat
 He just said "Boys, I'm goin back to the Yukon, and BEAT MY MEAT!"

It will only be a matter of time before somebody writes a sociology paper about this stuff . . .

Class Chants

1959 -
 1960 -
 1961 -
 1962 -
 1963 -
 1964 -
 1965 -
 1966 - Blood that sticks
 1967 -
 1968 -
 1969 - Recline and Dine 69
 1970 -
 1971 -
 1972 - 72 Better than you
 1973 - 73 Better than thee
 1974 - 74 Forever more
 1975 - 75 Still alive
 1976 - Spirit of 76
 1977 - Pride Rides
 1978 - Great 78
 1979 - Mighty fine 79
 1980 - 80 Proof
 1981 - 81 Second to none
 1982 - 82 Best in blue
 1983 - 83 Best to be
 1984 - Wings to Soar 84
 1985 - 85 Dead or Alive
 1986 - 86 Pride that sticks
 1987 - 87 Wings from Heaven
 1988 - 88 Best to date
 1989 - (Mighty) Fine 89
 1990 - Mighty 90
 1991 - Bold Gold
 1992 - True Blue 92
 1993 - Proud to Be 93 [Kelly Flinn used PTB as the title of her book . . .]
 1994 - Red Hot 94
 1995 - Keep the Pride 95
 1996 - Tough as Bricks 96
 1997 - Keep it Revvin' 97
 1998 - 98 Dominates

- 1999 - Gold Will Shine in 99
- 2000 - Two Grand, United We Stand (Balls)
- 2001 - Fire It Up (Like a Horse)
- 2002 - No Limit
- 2003 - Strong and Mighty
- 2004 - Ready for War

Saw the mottos on the folklore page. Very niiiice. How about the unofficial mottos?

1969 had the once in a century "Recline and Dine"

1977 Had "Just passing through."

1979: "Last Class with Balls"

1980: "Strive Not." (Class of '80 had an "Uck-a-luk-a-ching" chant that I'm sure they'd love to forget.)

1981 didn't have a motto (lack of interest, I guess) but had a decent chant. Nananana nananana hey hey hey goodbye Nananana nananana hey hey hey goodbye First time I heard it was when 1st Beast cadre left. Then at Assault Course, March back from Valley, Hell Week. Night before commitments. It kept coming back and sounded great when hundreds of dinks got into it. Last time was best. In the tunnel to the stadium just before graduation march on. Nice low, reverberating rumble. Officers scurrying about, waiving their arms because the crowd was hearing it. (from Simon)

1999 - Shit hot

2000 - Balls!

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